

*The History of*

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,

*Poin.* Downe fell his hose.

*Fal.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foote and hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen buckrom men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But as the diuell would haue it, three misbegotten knaues, in kendal greene, came at my backe, and let driue at me for it was so darke, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts thou knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch,

*Fal.* What art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What saiest thou to this?

*Poin.* Come, your reason lacke, your reason.

*Fal.* What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blackeberryes, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-prellen, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hil of flesh.

*Fal.* Zbloud you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzel, you stockefish: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base comparisōs, heare me speak but thus

*Poi.* Marke, lacke.

*Prin.* Wetwo, saw you foure, set on foure, & bound them, & were masters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale shal put you downe: then did wee two set on you foure, and with a word,

*Henry the fourth.*

word, outfac't you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & it you here in the house. & Falstalfe, you carried you way as nimble, with as quick dexterity, & roared for still run & roare, as euer I heard bul-calf. What a flau to hack thy sword as thou hast don? & then say it was What tricke? what deuce? what starting hole canst find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant sh

*Poin.* Come lets heare, lacke what tricke hast thou

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as wel as he that made heare you, my masters, was it for nte, to kil the heire a should I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou know as valiant as Hercules: but, beware instinct, the Lion touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, & the my life; I, for a valiant Lyon, and thou, for a true prince by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Host to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, galla boyes, hearts of gold, al the titles of good fellowship you. What shall we be merrie, shall wee haue a play pore:

*Prin.* Content, & the argument shal be, thy running

*Fal.* A, no more of that Hal, & thou loust me. Enter

*Ho.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

*Prin.* How now my Lady the hostesse, what saist thou

*Ho.* Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court would speake with you: he saies, he comes from your

*Prin.* Giue him as much, as will make him a royall send him back againe to my mother,

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Ho.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grautie out of his bed at midnight? giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee do, lacke. *Fal.* Faith, and Ile send him

*Exit.*

*Prin.* Now sirs, birlady you fought faire, so did you did you Bardol, you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon you wil not touch the true Prince, no sic.

*Bar.* Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

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